



HYMN TO VENUS

An Anthology in Miniature
of POEMS by
ROBERT HERRICK

LUTE, LYRE AND LOTUS
MINITHOLOGIES

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HYMN TO VENUS





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*An Anthology in Miniature
of POEMS by
ROBERT HERRICK*

Decorations by William Littlewood



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HYMN TO VENUS



A SHORT HYMN TO VENUS

*GODDESSE, I do love a Girle
Rubie-lipt, and tooth'd with Pearl:
If so be, I may but prove
Luckie in this Maide I love:
I will promise there shall be
Mirtles offer'd up to thee.*

HYMN TO VENUS

A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESS

YOU are a tulip seen to-day,
But, dearest, of so short a stay
That where you grew scarce men can say.

You are a lovely July-flower,
Yet one rude wind or ruffling shower
Will force you hence, and in an hour.

You are a sparkling rose i' th' bud,
Yet lost ere that chaste flesh and blood
Can show where you grew or stood.

You are a full-spread, fair-set vine,
And can with tendrils love entwine,
Yet dried ere you distil your wine.

You are like a balm enclosed well
In amber or some crystal shell,
Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

You are a dainty violet,
Yet wither'd ere you can be set
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers among;
But die you must, fair maid, ere long.
As he, the maker of this song.



HYMN TO VENUS

THE SADNESS OF THINGS FOR
SAPPHO'S SICKNESS

LILIES will languish; violets look ill;
Sickly the primrose; pale the daffodil;
That gallant tulip will hang down his head,
Like to a virgin newly ravished;
Pansies will weep, and marigolds will wither,
And keep a fast and funeral together;
If Sappho droop, daisies will open never,
But bid good-night, and close their lids for ever.

THE WAKE

COME, Anthea, let us two
Go to Feast, as others do.
Tarts and Custards, Creams and Cakes,
Are the Junkets still at Wakes:
Unto which the Tribes resort,
Where the business is the sport:
Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
Marian too in Pagentrie:
And a Mimick to devise
Many grinning properties.
Players there will be and those
Base in action as in clothes:
Yet with strutting they will please
The insurious Villages.
Near the dying of the day,
There will be a Cudgell-Play
Where a Coxcomb will be broke,
Ere a good word can be spoke:
But the anger ends all here,
Drentch in Ale, or drown'd in Beere.
Happy Rustics, best content
With the cheapest Merriment:
And possesse no other feare,
Then to want the Wake next Yeare.

HYMN TO VENUS



The Wake

HYMN TO VENUS

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HYMN TO VENUS



The Wake

HYMN TO VENUS

THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA

*H*ER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.
No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.
Let not the dark thee cumber:
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light
Like tapers clear without number.
Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet
My soul I'll pour into thee.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER

A SWEET disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction:
An erring lace which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher:
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat:
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility:
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

HYMN TO VENUS



CHERRIE-RIPE

CHERRY-RIPE, Ripe, Ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones; come and buy:
If so be, you ask me where
They do grow? I answer, There,
Where my Julia's lips doe smile;
There's the Land, or Cherry-Ile:
Whose Plantations fully show
All the yeere, where Cherries grow.

HYMN TO VENUS

TO ANATHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND
HIM ANYTHING

*BID me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be,
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.*

*A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.*

*Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree:
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.*

*Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see:
And, having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.*

*Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee.*





Upon Electra

*When out of bed my Love doth spring,
'Tis but as day a-kindling :
But when she's up and fully drest,
'Tis then broad Day throughout the East.*



HIS TEARS TO THAMESIS

I SEND, I send here my supremest kiss
 To thee, my silver-footed Thameſis.
 No more shall I reiterate thy Strand,
 Whereon ſo many ſtately structures stand:
 Nor in the ſummer's ſweeter evenings go
 To bathe in thee, as thouſand others do;
 No more shall I along thy crystal glide
 In barge with boughs and rushes beautiſ'd,
 With soft-smooth virgins for our chaste diſport,
 To Richmond, Kingston, and to Hampton Court.
 Never again shall I with finny oar
 Put from, or draw unto the faithful ſhore:
 And, landing here, or ſafely landing there,
 Make way to my beloved Westminſter,
 Or to the golden Cheapside, where the earth
 Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.
 May all clean nymphs and curious water-dames
 With ſwan-like state float up and down thy ſtreams:
 No drought upon thy wanton waters fall
 To make them lean and languiſhing at all.
 No ruffling winds come hither to diſease
 Thy pure and silver-wristed Naiades.
 Keep up your ſtate, ye ſtreams; and as ye ſpring,
 Never make ſick your banks by ſurfeiting.
 Grow young with tides, and though I ſee ye never,
 Receive this vow, ſo fare ye well for ever.



HYMN TO VENUS



THE BELLMAN

FROM noise of Scare-fires rest ye free,
From Murders *Benedictie*.
From all mischances, that may fright
Your pleasing slumbers in the night:
Mercie secure ye all, and keep
The Goblins from ye, while ye sleep.
Past one aclock, and almost two,
My Masters all, *Good day to you*.

HYMN TO VENUS

TO THE VIRGINS,
TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

GAITHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst,
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may go marry
For having lost but once your prime
You may for ever tarry.

TO THE ROSE. A SONG

GO, happy rose, and interwove
With other flowers, bind my love.
Tell her, too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
Of pearl and gold to bind her hands.
Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have myrtle rods (at will)
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing, thus, and go
And tell her this, but do not so,
Lest a handsome anger fly,
Like a lightning, from her eye,
And burn thee up as well as I.



Upon Parson Beanes

*Old Parson Beanes hunts six days of the week,
And on the seaventh, he has his notes to seek
Six days he hollows so much breath away,
That on the seaventh, he can nor preach or pray.*





CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

GET up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
 See how Aurora throws her fair
 Fresh-quilted colours through the air:
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
 The dew bespangling herb and tree.
 Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east
 Above an hour since: yet you not dress'd;
 Nay, not so much as out of bed?
 When all the birds have matins said
 And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
 Nay, profanation to keep in,
 Whereas a thousand virgins on this day
 Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

HYMN TO VENUS

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair:
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept;
Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green and trimm'd with trees: see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch; each porch, each door ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.



HYMN TO VENUS

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green-gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even:
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd, yet we're not a-Maying.



Come, let us go while we are in our prime;
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And, as a vapour or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

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Devised and Edited by
MAX CROMBIE



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